

## The Critic and Good Literature

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE GOOD LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store.) Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. Brentano & Co. Chicago, Ill.: Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn Street. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: American Exchange, 449 Strand, and B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galinani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

### Primary Schools and the City College.

THE LECTURE that Dr. Charles L. Waldstein gave by request at Chickering Hall last week was full of suggestiveness, though necessarily incomplete. There was more of education in it than of art. But those in the audience who may have differed from some of his opinions could not fail to recognize the importance of the questions he opened up. An anecdote attributed to the King of Bavaria was excellent and to the point. Speaking to a young architect who was about to undertake a cathedral, and which turned out a complete success, he gave this advice: 'Build your tower! The others will see to it that the nave does not remain unfinished.' This clever advice, it will be noticed, is exactly the opposite of the proverb—Look out for the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves. For the purpose, none could have been better. The history of all cathedrals is, that after the nave is once finished and the congregation housed, funds for the tower are always either uncollected or diverted to other purposes. Dr. Waldstein, as the champion of the highest, completest, *roundest* education for the American citizen, was in favor of building the tower.

This very question has been agitated lately by the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn with regard to appropriations for colleges, as against appropriations for primary schools. Both are of the opinion that money should not be spent on the training of teachers while school-houses and salaried instructors for the primary schools are not fully supplied. It is the businesslike, utilitarian protest against expenditure of money for objects which are not immediately secured, not patent and successful, while the direct, observable results of primary schooling lack their fullest measure of success. It is the protest against building on the tower while there are holes in the nave. The business man rejoices in being hard-headed. He may not see much farther than his hand; but what he does see he sees very vividly, and makes up his mind about it with the utmost confidence. Because there are districts that lack the proper school-houses, and schools that lack the proper facilities and teachers, the College of the City, which absorbs about \$150,000 of the annual taxes, ought to go.

The actual sum appropriated this year for the College is \$135,000, of which \$105,000 goes to salaries of President and Professors, only \$30,000 to other expenses. Mr. Stephen A. Walker, Chairman of the Trustees of the College, suggests that the higher education ought to be rescued from the chance of interference on the part of legislators. The inference is that this should be accomplished by endowments either from individual fortunes or the State; or else, as the *Times* has suggested, that the training of teachers should be abandoned to private effort, and efficient teachers procured by opening the positions of instructor and professor to public competition. Neither of these plans have much to recommend them. The former is condemned by its impracticability; the latter invalidated by the well-known difficulties in the way of such examinations, particularly the chance of

ineffectual guards against poor teachers. On the other hand, it is extremely probable that the *Times* is right in saying that such a method would be economical. It is hardly necessary to go into the question of the need of education as the bulwark of the Republic. That being admitted, the point is whether the fund should be applied most thoroughly to the higher or to the lower schools.

The answer depends entirely on the answers to another question—namely, Are such schools as the Normal College and the College of the City thorough and liberal? Do they graduate competent teachers? If they do, they ought to be supported. If they do not, let them go. Indeed, it may be suspected that at the bottom of the cry for primary and grammar-schools at the expense of schools for teachers lies a rooted distrust of the latter. It is felt that they have the ordinary vices of pedagogy; that they are wedded to antiquated ideas of teaching; that they, more than any other part of the cut-and-dried educational system of the United States of which we are unduly proud, have not marched with the times, but have lagged behind. Is there not a vast system of parrot-instruction weighing on the United States, pretty effectually nipping in the bud any signs of promise in young minds? Few of our universities are free from it. What can be expected, then, of the College of the City and the Normal College, whose advantages for the attraction of men of genius in the profession of teaching are greatly inferior? It is just to begrudge these Colleges their appropriations if they do not truly earn them. Modern Greece is full of college graduates. The South American republics have plenty of Bachelors of Arts ready to make *pronunciamentos*. But these nations do not carry the school-system out properly among the lower classes, and their universities are wedded to antiquated ideas. Dr. Waldstein's anecdote of the tower and the nave may be accepted, then, only on condition that the tower is beautiful and appropriate, and that the workmen on it are taught how to build and keep in repair the rest of the cathedral. But if the idea is like that at the bottom of much architectural extravagance here,—namely, that we must have a tower of some kind, or any kind, *quand même*, and the nave will take care of itself,—then the sooner the College of Pedagogues is not cut the better.

In this country it is inevitable that very soon an institution becomes inadequate to the demand at one point or another. It is certain that the growth of population in New York and Brooklyn has made imperative the furnishing of more primary and grammar-schools. But it is also more than probable that the training schools are defective. Now the remedy is not to destroy the training schools. For soon they will be found to be needed again, and to organize them afresh will be costly. They should be examined into very strictly, as the Mayor of New York suggests, and then brought into efficient working order, level with the needs of the day, no matter whether the budget is largely increased or not. In a city like ours, the withholding of appropriations for training teachers would be worse than niggardliness in the Fire Department.

### Reviews

#### A History of Scandinavian Literature.\*

TO THOSE WHO are acquainted with the original Danish edition of Dr. Winkel Horn's History of Scandinavian Literature the revised American edition will prove an agreeable surprise. In the first place, the carefully prepared bibliographical matter adds much to the value of the work as a book of reference, and secondly a certain irritating indecision and negativity in the author's judgment seem to have been partly eliminated. For all that, the book does not, even in its improved shape, present a thoroughly satisfactory treatment of its subject, but will serve to fill a gap as long as it is practically without competitors; for the

\* History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North from the most Ancient Times to the Present. By Frederik Winkel Horn, Ph.D. Revised by the Author and Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. Chicago: S. G. Griggs & Co.

scattered studies of Mr. Edmund Gosse make no pretence to completeness, and the uncritical disquisitions on Scandinavian authors by Mary and William Howitt are long since out of date. Even N. M. Petersen's exact and scholarly treatise on the Old Norse Literature is a little superannuated, and its dry and colorless style has a most depressing effect upon the reader.

As regards Dr. Winkel Horn, he suffers, like most Scandinavian scholars, from the intellectual isolation of his country. The great currents of thought which agitate the century usually lose their vitality before they reach Denmark, and produce only feeble vibrations in the atmosphere of that contented little Philistia. When a live and vigorous critic like Dr. Georg Brandes tries to import a little 'European' thought, the frightened Philistines, indignant at being awakened from their orthodox nap, cry with one voice, 'Crucify him.' In this stagnant atmosphere everything except priestcraft grows feeble, mildewed and conventional. Dr. Horn's book, although exact enough in its statements, partakes of these qualities. It is absolutely devoid of individuality. Its style is barren and bloodless. The author's adjectives, in their curious commonplaceness, betray an absence of critical judgment which is almost amusing. Thus, for instance, Björnson's tales are 'fresh and graceful,' his 'delineations are remarkably suggestive and characteristic,' and his dramas 'contain passages of great beauty'; Ibsen's dramas are remarkable for 'wealth of thought' and 'masterly style'; Moe's poems are 'graceful and attractive,' Munch's verses are 'elegant and attractive' and his romance, 'The Princess's Bridal Journey,' is 'an exceedingly fine work'; Goldschmidt has 'sparkling humor and refined elegance,' his style is pure and elegant.—and so on, *ad infinitum*. Almost everybody is elegant or attractive or characteristic or suggestive. Björnson, we are told, has degenerated since he wrote his earliest tales, although Dr. Horn, who obviously does not sympathize with the tendency of the poet's later works, gives no definite reason for this uncomplimentary verdict.

It is, in fact, the reactionary Danish spirit which finds vent in most of Dr. Horn's judgments. His horizon is narrow, and he knows but little of the foreign authors whose influence has exerted itself powerfully upon the subjects of his criticism. Thus he remarks vaguely that Paludan-Müller 'has much in common with Byron,' when the faintest acquaintance with the latter would have convinced him that the former's principal work, 'Adam Homo,' is a direct imitation of 'Don Juan' both in metre and in the character of its theme. The dependence of Brandes upon Taine is noted, to be sure, but there is nothing in the passage to show that Dr. Horn knows more of Taine than his name. In the treatment of the ancient Icelandic sagas, where exact scholarship and not critical ability is demanded, Dr. Horn is at his best. We may question whether 'magnanimous' is a felicitous adjective when applied to Njal's fierce wife, Bergthora, but this is, after all, so slight a matter that it is scarcely worth dwelling upon. As a rule the brief notices of individual sagas accurately describe their contents, and the discussions of mooted questions of authorship are clear and to the point. Moreover, the excellent bibliographical foot-notes afford an abundance of information as to where further knowledge is to be obtained concerning the subject under discussion. Altogether, in spite of its blemishes, the book is indispensable to the student of Icelandic and modern Scandinavian literature.

Prof. Anderson's translation is all that can be desired, and the many improvements which he has induced the author to make upon the original are an indirect evidence of his own scholarship. As a minor criticism we suggest that the adjective 'erotic,' which in Danish merely means 'relating to love,' has, in spite of Webster's definition, an unpleasant flavor in English, and is not the exact equivalent of the Danish '*erotisk*.'

#### Schopenhauer.\*

THE GROWING INTEREST, in England and America, in the philosophy of Schopenhauer quite justifies the translation of his great work, 'The World as Will and Idea.' The first of the three large volumes has appeared in Trubner's English and Foreign Philosophical Library, done into clear and forcible and accurate English.

The genius and the peculiarities of Schopenhauer command for him an attention which is not at all due to his philosophy in itself. Pessimism is a fashion of the time to some extent, and whoever teaches pessimism is sure of an attentive hearing on the part of not a few. His philosophic interpretation of the universe is also of such a character as to attract many persons in these days of scientific theories. When he makes the first principle of

the universe to be will, which he identifies with force and natural law, he is in harmony with many of the scientists. His close relations with the religious and philosophic teachers of India, and the affinity of his system with theirs, make another reason why he has excited much curiosity.

The present volume opens with the prefaces to the first two editions, in which Schopenhauer's egotism is one of the most prominent features. Then follow the first four books, giving the main ideas of his system. In the first book he shows that the world is an idea; and here we discover his close relations with Plato and Kant, and that he is an idealist through and through. To him the world is subjective, having no reality in itself. All matter he regards as a modification of the knowing subject, simply its idea. The doctrine that the subject is produced little by little by the object he calls 'atrocious and wearisome bombast.'

In the second book we soon discover his relations to Bruno, Spinoza and Schelling, and that his aim is to find a unity which shall resolve the universe into itself. The substance of all things he finds in the will. It is that out of which all other things proceed as its manifestations. Will is. All else is phenomenal. Even the intellect is subordinate, and but a semblance, while the Will is the thing in itself. The Will is continually striving to manifest itself, and the universe is this enormous Will rushing insistently into expression. In this book Schopenhauer identifies Will with force, with vegetative organism and with animal life. He uses the word Will, but he seems rather to mean instinct, the blind impulse and passion for expression. In man, however, Will takes a higher form, and comes to know itself as manifested in the outward world. 'Will is the thing-in-itself, the inner content, the essence of the world. Life, the visible world, the phenomenon, is only the mirror of the will.' Will as substance is, after all, but a striving, struggling impulse. Here we find Schopenhauer to be really a Pantheist, for his will is not a self-determining personality.

In the third book he takes up the subject of art, and here his teachings are as novel as elsewhere. He finds that art is the pure expression of the intellect, when Will has been subdued and is no longer insistent in its striving after an expression of itself. Genius reproduces the world of ideas in the forms of art, and does this because the intellect has become so dominant as to silence the strivings and the sorrows of the will. Schopenhauer attaches a very high value to art, and what he writes of it is in every way curious and most interesting. In these words he indicates his high estimate of its influence and of its truth-giving qualities: 'Whoever desires to know man in his inner nature, to know him according to the idea, will find that the works of the great, immortal poet present a far truer, more distinct picture, than the historians can ever give.' If he finds in sculpture and painting manifestations of the intellect, not so in regard to music. Music, he says, 'is entirely independent of the phenomenal world, ignores it altogether, could to a certain extent exist if there were no world at all, which cannot be said of the other arts. Music is as direct an objectification and copy of the whole will as the world itself, nay, even as the ideas, whose multiplied manifestation constitutes the world of individual things. Music is thus by no means, like the other arts, the copy of the ideas, but the copy of the Will itself. This is why the effect of music is so much more powerful and penetrating than that of the other arts, for they speak only of shadows, but it speaks of the thing itself.' Art, as a pure contemplation of the ideas, releases man from pain and sorrow, which are the outcome of will; and hence its high value. On the other hand, music always throbs with pain, anguish and striving.

The fourth book brings us to the real Schopenhauer, to his pessimism, and to his affinities with the Buddhists. He has done little else here, in laying the ground-work of his system, than to reproduce the teachings of Kant and Schelling, using new names but the old definitions. Man as an individual is phenomenal, but as thing-in-itself endless. We have heard that many a time before, and it gains no new meaning with Schopenhauer. He tells us that the Will in itself is free, but that the individual will is under the law of necessity. Even that we have heard before, with other words put in the place of these. That which is essentially new to German thought in Schopenhauer is that which he has been led to in his study of Indian philosophy. He tells us that the will is continually striving to assert itself,—never can find any final satisfaction. That which hinders its manifestation we call suffering, and to this the perpetual effort of man to assert his will ever leads. Even the unconscious world, because always striving, is in constant suffering. 'For all effort springs from defect, is thus suffering so long as it is not satisfied; but no satisfaction is lasting, rather it is always merely the starting-point of a new effort.' There is no end of striving,

\*The World as Will and Idea. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated from the German by R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp. Vol. I. London: Trubner & Co.



and hence suffering is forever present in the world, its most marked characteristic. Will manifests itself in self-assertion and in the desire to live; most characteristically it asserts itself in the desire to perpetuate itself in new forms of life. Schopenhauer makes sexuality the truest of all the manifestations of will. However manifested, the assertion of Will leads to suffering, its manifestation ever brings pain and misery. The only hope of escape from suffering is in the subduing of the will, the extinguishment of desire. True salvation, deliverance from life and suffering, cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. In all that Schopenhauer says on this subject he is so much in harmony with Buddhism as to seem to be a transplanted Indian. His sympathies with the mystics and ascetics are also very close, and he quotes them frequently. In this way he presents a strange figure in the history of philosophy, a sceptic keeping company with the devoutest minds. The raptures of the mystics are congenial to his mind, and he finds a depth of meaning even in the extremest of spiritual beliefs. He speaks of 'the enviable life of so many saints and beautiful souls' among the ascetics of all religions. He has been truly called a western Buddhist, and he says of sending missionaries to India, that 'it is just the same as if we fired a bullet against a cliff.' 'In India,' he says, 'our religions will never take root. The ancient wisdom of the human race will not be displaced by what happened in Galilee. On the contrary, Indian philosophy streams back to Europe, and will produce a fundamental change in our knowledge and thought.'

His pessimism seems to have been in Schopenhauer's life, and he was born with a gift for looking on the dark side of things. His teachings have little practical value, however interesting they may be to the student of the history of opinions. Yet he is one of those original and deep-searching men who can never be ignored, and who draw others to them by the very novelty and daring of their speculations. All he writes is interesting, and much of it true in a manner perversely one-sided and warped by the natural bias of his mind.

#### Bishop Whittingham.\*

Two portly volumes of biography are a little oppressive, on first sight, to a busy man in this busy age. It is about all that most of us can do to make a life worth the living, without weighting ourselves down with voluminous accounts of the lives that other men, who fall short of real greatness, have made before us. When that eminently lazy man Herbert Spencer feels called to preach to our nervous race the gospel of relaxation, it is at least a venial offence to make two volumes where one might have answered. Did Mr. Brand not know that literature—like milk—must needs now be condensed? To him, however, who has really learned how to read—an accomplishment not possessed by every person of culture—even obese books need not be oppressive. And indeed there was very much in the man, in the movements of his day, in the church of his love, and in the stirring scenes of national life through which he passed, to make it difficult for Bishop Whittingham's biographer to achieve the success of brevity.

William Rollinson Whittingham was a man who under any circumstances would leave a considerable wake behind him in the sea of life; while his office, as Bishop in the Episcopal Church, during the generation that witnessed the growth of the remarkable Oxford Movement, and as Bishop of Maryland, through our Civil War, weighted his life so deeply as to stir up a very uncommon commotion round about his course. One sees in this careful picture the thinker of sinewy mental fibre, the scholar of ample and thorough equipment, the soul of simple and sincere piety, the churchman of most positive convictions, the worker who never knew tire, the man of the varied parts which, taken together, made Bishop Whittingham so striking a figure—so commanding a force in the Episcopal Church. Minor traits also, by no means without their share in his great influence, are here to be noted—his downright enjoyment of a good fair fight; the Coleridgean power of monologue that made him find an attentive listener such a pleasant companion; and other telling half-tones in his character. The shadows, without which no picture of human life looks real, are however very faint in these scenes—which, in so positive a character, is a fault artistic as well as ethic. When will ecclesiastical biographers learn the secret of their adored pattern, and dare to paint such blemishes as the Hebrews preserved in their Abraham and Jacob and David? We must allow, however, for the atmosphere through which a Churchman looks up to his Bishop, and be thankful that we do

see at all here a real, living man of flesh and blood, and not a Fra Angelico saint in the outer courts of Jerusalem the golden.

When Mr. Whittingham became Bishop Whittingham, the ecclesiastical stars in their courses knew that a sun had been set in the firmament, to rule the heavens by day. He was a typical Churchman, a born ruler, and the mantle of Bishop Hobart fell naturally upon him—though in this case Elisha preceded Elijah. As much as any one man he gave the impetus to that singular and astonishing revival of priestliness which the simple, sensible and rather Erastian Church of the Bishop White epoch has witnessed in the last thirty years. In his younger days Bishop Whittingham was an 'advanced' man, mounting on the first wave of the Oxford Movement. Like many other leaders of new movements, he lived to see himself left far in the rear of the party he had pioneered. He smiled in later days to hear himself suspected of reactionary leanings toward Low Churchmanship, by the pretty priestlets of the Ritualistic school. In common with Dr. Pusey, he never sympathized with Ritualism; and never quite realized how truly it was the ripened fruit of the seed he had helped to sow. An incident in the second volume shows very plainly how he felt about this illegitimate child, as he thought it, of the Catholic Revival. 'I never felt so little as though I was in my father's house,' he writes after a service in an 'advanced' chapel. Like most large natures he disliked to be labelled—to be shut up in a formula of partisanship; and rather kicked against being called a High Churchman. And yet, most surely had he been fore-ordained 'a cowed churchman' to be. The good and the evil of the Church Ideal was personified in him. The beautiful side of the ideal these volumes amply show; and quite unconsciously they bring to light some of its limitations. What a curious revelation of the ecclesiastical view of God's business in the world is given in the Bishop's account of why he interfered once in a debate on a steamer. A temperance lecturer, who, with the too common lack of tact of the genus, had stirred up a hornet's nest among the passengers, was rather roughly handled by an editor; and when, from criticising the lecturer's views of temperance, the editor passed on to overhaul his notions about the Bible, the doughty Bishop joined in the fray; explaining, afterward, to a friend, that 'so long as the good man was blundering through with his temperance cause I merely listened, for it was neither my Master's cause nor mine; but when God's Word was attacked, the case was changed.' In his later years Bishop Whittingham became the Nestor of the Episcopal Bench; and as showing what his influence has been, it may be noted that, in a late *Churchman*, a number of the leading Bishops, in a circular letter, are at pains to shelter their action in the affair of the Mexican Church under the potent name of the former Bishop of Maryland. Of his course during the War we have left ourselves no space to speak.

The work is a careful and painstaking effort to reproduce a life of which it could truthfully be said, concerning one of the leading churches of the land, 'If it were asked, What great thing has Bishop Whittingham done in the Church? it would be enough to answer, There has been nothing done, of any importance, during more than half a century, which has not been, in some way, helped by him.' Such a work ought not to lack readers, especially when reading is made as delightful as the publishers of these handsome volumes have made it.

#### Prof. Morley's Universal Library.

PROF. HENRY MORLEY—having finished his large Library of English Literature, published by Cassell & Co.—has undertaken to edit for George Routledge & Sons a series of monthly volumes to be called Morley's Universal Library. From the prospectus signed by Prof. Morley we are inclined to infer that the new series has been in some measure at least suggested by the success of certain of the American cheap libraries which have tried to give the better class of non-copyright reading-matter at the same low price as imported fiction is supplied. It is announced that there is a large public demand in England for a uniform series of very cheap volumes, advancing in time 'toward the realization of a Universal Library which shall contain all the best and most significant books in the world, of all times outside of the time of copyright, and of all countries, so far as such books can be found written in or rendered into English.' The volumes of this new series are to contain about 320 octavo pages, they are to be issued bound in cloth covers either with a paper-label or an elaborate side-stamp (at the choice of the purchaser), they will be printed from the best text, and they will each contain a brief introduction by Prof. Morley, never exceeding four pages in length.

\* Life of Bishop Whittingham. By the Rev. W.F. Brand. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

Several monthly volumes have been issued. The first contains Sheridan's Plays—the five that he really wrote, and the two best known of his adaptations. All that is really needed in an edition of Sheridan's plays is 'The Rivals,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Critic,' 'The Duenna' and possibly the unimportant 'St. Patrick's Day.' To these Prof. Morley adds 'Pizarro,' the adaptation from Kotzebue, and 'The Trip to Scarborough,' the adaptation from Vanbrugh. Of course he omits 'The Camp,' the cheap little temporary squib written by Mrs. Sheridan's brother-in-law, Tickell, and credited to Sheridan by ill-informed contemporary critics. Moore distinctly declares that Sheridan did not write it; and yet it was included in the edition of Sheridan's Plays published by Murray, the preface to which Moore signed, although he had nothing to do with the editing of the book. Oddly enough 'The Camp' is included in the new edition *de luxe* of Sheridan's Plays recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., although it is a good half-century since Moore disavowed it. Prof. Morley's introduction gives a succinct account of Sheridan's family and career, following Moore in the main and adding nothing new. It is curious to note that this first volume in Prof. Morley's series, devoted to Sheridan, came out simultaneously with the volume on Sheridan in Mr. John Morley's series of English Men-of-Letters. Prof. Morley's fondness for the drama, shown years ago in his 'Journal of a London Playgoer,' is seen also in the choice of the opening volumes of this library. First, we have Sheridan's Plays; secondly, we have a volume of adapted 'Plays from Molière,' by Dryden, Wycherley, Fielding, Colley Cibber and others; and thirdly comes Goethe's 'Faust.' Then follow the 'Chronicles of the Cid,' a selection from Rabelais, Machiavelli's 'Prince,' Bacon's 'Essays,' De Foe's 'Journal of the Plague,' Locke on Toleration, Butler's 'Analogy,' Dryden's Virgil, and Scott's 'Demonology and Witchcraft.' Later still will come a full representation of the English Drama from the Miracle Plays downward. Among other promised volumes will be one containing the apposite conjunction of Johnson's 'Rasselas' and Voltaire's 'Candide.'

#### "The Laws of Copyright."\*

TEN YEARS AGO there was founded at the University of Cambridge the Yorke Prize for the best essay on some subject relating to the history and principles of the law of property. In 1882 the prescribed subject was 'The Law of Property in Literary Compositions, Published and Unpublished; the Principles that Ought to Regulate It, and How Far Such Principles have been Acted upon in Different Countries.' The successful essay has been slightly elaborated by Mr. Scrutton into the portly treatise now before us. The author duly sets forth these facts in his preface, at the end of which he remarks that 'it is a commonplace of criticism that no good thing can come out of a prize essay,' and instances 'The Holy Roman Empire' of Prof. James Bryce, M.P., as the sole exception. The comparison here suggested is not altogether favorable to the present book, for it has not the insight and learning that made Prof. Bryce's essay a phenomenon. But Mr. Scrutton has done very much better than most successful competitors for a prize. He has put together a book of real value, in spite of a method which is dry and a style which is cold and lifeless. He gives us not only his conclusions and the reasons for them, but also the steps by which they are reached. The process is not attractive, but the conclusions can be relied on.

Mr. Scrutton has plodding industry and severe logic—two qualities inestimable in any writer who ventures into the wide waste of treatises and decisions and reports through which all must wade who seek the solid ground of fact on which to rest the claim of copyright. Whatever it may have been in its origin, the question is now one of public policy. In other words, an author is protected because it is for the public benefit that he should be protected. As Mr. Scrutton neatly puts it, 'all ideas of abstract rights apart from positive law, and of natural laws apart from good and evil consequences, must be set aside, and the problem solved solely by considering the interests of the community at large.' And a pertinent application of this dictum is immediately made: 'When a nation says, as the United States practically do say, that they do not consider it their interest to recognize literary property in the works of foreign authors published abroad, it will serve no useful purpose to indulge in rhetorical sentences about "national robbery" or "national dishonesty"; we can only endeavor to show that such a nation has mistaken its true interests, and is in reality injuring instead of benefiting itself.' That this is the true ground on which to

clamor for a reform of our copyright legislation is, or ought to be, obvious to all who have given any attention to the facts of the case. Here in America, it is public policy to grant copyright to the foreign author because the absence of copyright is injurious to our own literature, to the growth of intelligence, to national progress. In brief, an enlightened selfishness demands that we should protect the copyright of the foreign author. A perusal of Mr. Scrutton's book will show how steady has been the growth of this feeling throughout the world, and how the nations of Europe have steadily increased the term of copyright until the United States now lag far behind even in the protection of their own authors. In the beginning copyright in Europe was generally perpetual, and when the inconvenience of this became evident, the reaction made the term too short. In France, for example, in 1793 the term was the author's life and ten years after; this in 1810 was extended to life and twenty years after; and this in 1854 to life and thirty years after; while in 1866 the term was made life and fifty years after.

Mr. Scrutton's style is disfigured by carelessness and by Britishisms. He has a British fondness for foreign words, and speaks of an 'entrepreneur.' He says that the House of Lords has dealt 'partially' with trade-marks, when he means incompletely. He says that 'the Commission in their report also speaks'—a most ingenious blending of numbers. And in his list of authorities, and indeed throughout the book, he ignores Mr. Appleton Morgan's ample volumes on 'The Law of Literature.' And again—although this is not a slip but an error of taste—he prefers Mr. Drone's ambiguous 'play-right' to Mr. Charles Reade's vigorous and expressive 'stage-right.'

#### "The Silverado Squatters."\*

WHAT is in the dress? After all, a good deal. Mr. Stevenson's 'Silverado Squatters,' as parts of it appeared in *The Century*, looked, in the narrow columns and comparatively fine type of the magazine, pretty long and a little dull; issued now in book-form, with large, clear type and very little on a page, it is temptingly attractive. We do not mean that the book owes its charm to its form, but that the form induces one to look for the charm which is certainly there. The 'Squatters' were four in number, being the author's own immediate party, and the book is a delicate, unpretentious description of life in the woods at the Northwest, enlivened with quiet humor and sometimes wonderfully expressive epithets. What could better describe the level of the country than to say of two vineyards which were close together that the head of the proprietor of one must have been a long way under the feet of the other? And when the author tells us that he was 'mightily unmoved' by the sight of a petrified forest; or that near the boiling springs, however early he was up, he always found the thermometer up before him; or that in a little holiday party driving off for the day, 'nods and smiles went round the company like refreshments,'—how clearly we see it all! The author's description of Scottish homesickness is inimitable, and one of the stories told of the man Irvine insists upon being quoted. A man who bore a grudge against him had poisoned his dog. 'That was a low thing for a man to do now, wasn't it? It wasn't like a man, that, nohow. But I got even with him: I poisoned his dog.' Mr. Stevenson reproduces perfectly the monotony that is not dull, the seclusion that is not lonely, the light labor that is not irksome, of those who camp out, not for the excitements of fishing or hunting, or for the business of the artist, but simply and wholly to rest and grow strong. 'What we need,' said some one recently in a discussion on political economy, 'is to invent new wants, to give new employment to our superfluous working population;' but Thoreau's theory that 'the fewer wants a man has, the more of a man he is,' still holds good for a vacation at least; and those of us with the strongest preference for concerts and opera and theatre and little dinners, are apt to feel about civilization, when the first robin begins to sing, as did the young lady at a country boarding-school who wrote home, 'Civilization here means those parts of the village where you are likely to meet a teacher.'

#### Minor Notices.

OUR comic contemporary—*Puck*—has in its pay a professional poet ready to do any metrical job-work of journalism the paper may need; and we could wish that the innumerable amateur poets of the country, who are prone to rush into print at the request of friends and their own expense, would always consult first the kindly V. Hugo Dusenberry of *Puck's* staff. If they consulted him first, perhaps they might not publish after; and

\* The Laws of Copyright. By Thomas Edward Scrutton. New York: Scribner & Welford.

\* The Silverado Squatters. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



the critic's task would be lighter. What can the critic say of 'Poems and Essays, Including the Fallen Chief, the Minstrel's Curse, Kenilworth, Tributes to Holmes and Longfellow, Booth as Hamlet, The Wizard's Grave; also Early and Juvenile Poems, and Translations from the German, with some account of Minstrels and Minstrelsy of the Middle Ages and Early Ballad-Poetry of Different Nations, by Gideon Dickenson :

"It is the voice of years that are gone ;  
They roll before me with all their deeds :"

Sic Volvere Parcas : Boston : A. Williams & Company, Old Corner Bookstore, 1883 ?' What ought the critic to say of this ? What is there to say, indeed, that does not seem harsh and unkind to those who may like unpretending and harmless books of gentle prose and simple verse, like this of Mr. Dickenson's ? And even the announcement in the preface that Mr. Dickenson will soon publish another volume if the present one is kindly received—not even this temptation will induce us to speak harshly and unkindly of it. There is, indeed, an old-fashioned flavor about these 'Stanzas to —' and these 'Songs : I'll dream of thee,' which is not at all unpleasant. And it is to be duly set down to Mr. Dickenson's credit that he far surpasses most amateur poets in his knowledge of the mechanism of verse. He is not guilty of the slouchiness of rhyming only two lines out of four.

IT IS HARD to find anything to praise in 'The Renaissance of Art in Italy,' by Leader Scott (Scribner & Welford), beyond the illustrations, which are abundant, of large size, and well engraved, though injudiciously selected. After reading Mr. Scott's opinion of Jacopo della Quercia, whom he regards as 'only second to Michel Angelo in power, and superior to Florentine masters of the XVth Century in sweetness,' we might expect to find at least one of his works represented ; but he is passed over for a figure from Civitali, who is pronounced 'much inferior' to Quercia. The style is unpleasing, sometimes obscure. The exhibition of the causes that produced the various stages in the growth of the Renaissance, where original with the author, consists too often of platitudes, with here and there a remark intended to be penetrating. For an example of penetration, we are told that 'religious architecture is formed by the tone of the national faith ; the Eastern marked by as many minarets as there are idols, the Western and Christian by its triune form—i.e., tower, nave and chancel.' The author has no control of his material ; periods, artists, works, troop past without arrangement. There is no grouping, no massing. Inferior artists, with a bare list of works, confuse the attention ; the great powers are dismissed with a scant and colorless statement. It is impossible in a book of 375 pages to give a picture, from architecture down to furniture and laces, of a movement that has left superabounding material, like the Renaissance in Italy, unless one throws into relief that which is cardinal and dominant, and depresses the works of repetition and imitation.

### The Egyptian Labyrinth.

HERODOTUS said that he had visited the 'Labyrinth which lies a little above Lake Mœris and found it to surpass description ; for if all the walls and other great works of the Greeks could be put together in one, they would not equal, either for labor or expense, this Labyrinth ; and yet the Temple of Ephesus is a building worthy of note, and so is the Temple of Samos. The Pyramids likewise surpass description, and are severally equal to a number of the greatest works of the Greeks ; but the Labyrinth surpasses the Pyramids.'

Dr. Lepsius visited the supposed site, and finding a few contemptible remains of mud brick, sketched them for the *Denkmäler*, where by the aid of chromo-lithography they assume features wholly wanting in the original. *The Academy* in 1882 called attention to the researches of Mr. Cope Whitehouse, who denied the authenticity of both the remains and the site of the Labyrinth of Lepsius. Subsequently M. Georges Perrot and M. Chipiez expressed a similar but independent opinion, in regard to the fragments and structure. 'We are by no means sure,' said they in their *History of Art in Ancient Egypt*, 'that the ruins in the Fayoum are those of the Labyrinth. These ruins which were first discovered and described by Jomard and Caristie, and afterward in greater detail by Lepsius, are composed of wretched blocks of dry gray mud. The plan and description of the building discovered by Lepsius hardly correspond with the account of Strabo, and with what we learn from other antique sources, as to the magnificence of the Labyrinth and the vast bulk of the materials of which it was composed.' But the site

had never been questioned until Mr. Whitehouse shook the foundations of Egyptian topography in this region by denying that the Labyrinth was at Hawara. His success in determining the position of Lake Mœris attaches great weight to his opinion. A writer in *The Saturday Review* (Dec. 1) says that even if M. Maspero should discover the far-famed Labyrinth, 'it will be due to Mr. Whitehouse's careful, practical and scholarlike mode of research, and the *primeur* of Lake Mœris' (and its contiguous temple) 'belongs to the American explorer.'

Meanwhile, Dr. W. Pleyte, according to *The Academy* of Dec. 8, was preparing a paper on the famous geographical papyrus of Bûlaq, which having now been read by the author before the Dutch Academy of Sciences will be published with a valuable commentary. The history of this unique papyrus is lamentable. It was torn up by the Arabs when discovered, many years ago, at Delr el-Medinet, in Western Thebes. The first page was bought for the Bûlaq Museum in 1863 by M. Vassali, stolen in the great robbery of 1877, and offered to the director of a European museum by an unknown person, presumably the thief, who, by an unpardonable carelessness, was permitted to escape. The papyrus has now probably perished. Happily it had been traced and lithographed with great care. The middle part is one of the treasures of Bûlaq. The end was bought by some English tourist and its secret history has never been wholly divulged. It is known as the Labyrinth Papyrus, and embodied in Brugsch's Geographical Dictionary. Two parts were published by Mariette. The edition, however, was almost wholly destroyed by fire. It is almost the only geographical papyrus we possess. On it Lake Mœris is represented conventionally as a beautiful woman and the contiguous towns are figured by their heraldic representations. M. Mariette, as well as Dr. Brugsch, found in it a confirmation of the theory of M. Sinout de Bellefonds. But Mr. Whitehouse pointed out several fatal objections to this view, and the Abbé Ameliniau, while adopting in the main a translation by M. Maspero in the *Revue Critique*, has supported the opinion of the American scholar. Great interest was felt in the decision of so competent and independent a critic as Dr. Pleyte. He fully indorses Mr. Whitehouse. Having obtained a complete copy of the Papyrus he has analyzed it and identified many of the names of the towns. He was induced to undertake the work from the articles contributed to the French and English scientific societies, so that here again the moving cause is attributable to the American student. Will M. Maspero find the building now that everything points to the truth of its existence ?

In a late number of the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology Mr. Whitehouse says that his minute examination of a very considerable area in 1882, as well as in March and April, 1883, were not rewarded with success. But after denying that M. Mariette knew and carried the secret to the grave, he adds that 'no one can claim to have found it until the lintels of Parian marble have been actually traversed ; corridors lined with bas-reliefs, exquisite as in the tombs of the kings, have resounded to the clang of the stone doors ; and statues of the earliest period, such as Daedalus made for Menas (Strabo X., 10, 5), and realistic as the Shêkh el-Beled, are added to the overflowing treasures of Boulaq.' It appears to be believed that the Ariadne of critical acumen and unstinted labor has furnished him with a clew by which when occasion presents he can reopen to the world the fifteen hundred subterranean chambers which so late an authority as Pliny pronounced 'portentosissimum humani impendii opus.'

### An Author's Plea for Copyright.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE :

There are among your readers thousands of good, honest and kind-hearted people, unwilling to knowingly harm any one, and yet unwittingly re-enacting every day the old fable of the boys and the frogs. You remember those unhappy batrachians were stoned by the immoral boys, till one more learned frog spoke up and said to them, 'It may be fun to you, but it's death to us.'

These people buy books for themselves, their wives and children,—English books, translations from the French and German, etc.—and say, 'How cheap, to be sure.' They admit it were wiser to buy American books for their boys and girls, 'but these are so cheap, you know.' 'It's such fun to read a whole novel that only costs the price of four rides in a horsecar.' It is fun, I admit it. Cheap books from England are a great help in teaching our young people to be English. It's a grand thing altogether, this freedom in copyright. It's a fine thing for these people ; but it is death to me. I would like to ask these good people who buy cheap, because stolen, books, if they have no

moral sense? Do they not see that every dime thrown down for these unauthorized reprints is a deadly weapon against me personally, my wife and family? How dare these people look me, or any American writer, in the face, and uphold our American system of copyright?

I did not choose to be a writer, I did not force myself into the position of instructor for American children. I did not set out to be a storywriter. I was called thereto as much as any clergyman in any pulpit. I would never say all this, never intrude my private affairs on your readers, but I feel that I speak for my brothers and sisters—the great and honorable company of American authors. 'It may be fun for you, but it is death to us.'

I took three of my books to England for republication. 'No, sir. We cannot print them or pay you anything, as you are an American.' Nevertheless, they do it again and again, and not a penny do I ever receive from the reprinting of my work in Europe. However, this is not the chief difficulty. It is the competition. There was once a peddler who sold brooms cheap. One day he met another peddler who undersold him completely. 'I say, how do you do it? I steal my broom-corn, and yet you sell cheaper.' 'Oh,' said the other, 'I steal the whole broom.'

Does it never occur to people who buy these cheap books that, if the foreign author had his rights, they would not be cheap? Let me show you how it works. I own five small plays that I lease to amateurs. Once in a while I let one, but for one person who takes my American work and pays a fair price for it, a hundred take a foreign work which they can have for nothing (beyond the price of the book) because it is stolen. How can we ever have writers, how can literature ever succeed, how can any writer not independently rich put his life-work into anything, against literary piracy? Many and many a time I have been asked by cultivated, splendidly equipped men and women, if they could take up their pens for a living, and I always say 'No—not till the copyright law is changed. You must be silent till our people come to their senses, unless you know how to starve comfortably for a few years.'

Now I claim that literary merit has nothing to do with this question. Men and women of great talent may reap what seems a fair reward in spite of our laws; but what of the greater number, like myself, who must furnish the larger part of the instruction or entertainment that fills our magazines and newspapers? Did I teach sixty children in a school, the law would protect my rights. I teach three hundred thousand children in *The Youth's Companion*, a hundred thousand in *St. Nicholas*, a hundred thousand in *Harper's Young People*, besides lesser companies in *The Independent* and *The Christian Union*, and it seems I have no rights in my native country that any man is bound to respect. My only right to live is to accept such pay as the natural laws of business permit me to have in an unequal contest with foreign writers who know nothing and care much less for our nation of readers. 'It may be fun to you, but it's death to us.'

NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1884.

CHARLES BARNARD.

### An Edition-de-Luxe of Poe.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

Apropos of the *édition-de-luxe* question, is it not about time for some enterprising publisher to give us a luxurious edition of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe? Surely the phenomenal success of the recently published and expensive 'Raven' demonstrates that there is an abundant field for placing a corresponding edition of (at least) the Poems. The so-called illustrated ones now in the market are wholly unworthy of Poe's master-mind. Why do not Messrs. Armstrong & Son (who succeeded Mr. Widdleton as Poe's legitimate publisher some years ago) take the matter in hand?

NEW YORK, Jan. 26, 1884.

M. A. LESSER.

### George MacDonald at Bordighera.

[From *The London World*.]

THE centre of the somewhat limited English community which selects this quiet nook of the Western Riviera for its winter quarters is to be found at the artistically furnished villa belonging to the author of 'David Elginbrod' and 'Alec Forbes.' Here the sojourners at Bordighera can always be sure of a hearty welcome, and a letter of introduction to the host will give the *entrée* to the readings on the Wednesday afternoons, where you will hear selections from the best-known poets illustrated and explained by Mr. MacDonald's shrewd and often humorous remarks and explanations. For the Sunday evening meetings it is not even necessary to make acquaintance with the host; he is

only too pleased to throw open his doors to all comers, and it is generally found that half Bordighera responds to the printed announcement hung up outside the church, much disappointment being expressed when, as is not rarely the case, Mr. MacDonald's somewhat uncertain health necessitates the postponement of one of these weekly gatherings.

The attractions of Bordighera itself may be summed up in a few words. It possesses lovely walks in its vicinity; it has an exceptionally mild climate, and is more sheltered from the cold and treacherous winds than most of its neighbors on that coast. It has a certain prestige as being the scene of Ruffini's charming novel, 'Doctor Antonio,' and it is famous for its luxuriant palm-gardens. But here the list closes. Bordighera is dull, terribly dull, and has but an infinitesimal number of resources of its own, as is made evident by the constant exodus of most of its visitors for a day's relaxation at Mentone or even San Remo. Such frightful dissipation as a day at Monte Carlo is never even dreamt of by the steady-going if somewhat prim circle of Bordighera, who would deem itself forever contaminated by spending an hour in such evil company. Thus, except for those few people with whom health and economical living, combined with 'a winter in the south,' are paramount considerations, there is little to tempt ordinary mortals to set up their tent there. But those who *do* live there not unnaturally hail with eagerness the slight break in the monotony of their daily lives which Mr. MacDonald's sociable parties afford.

It is a curious household which lives together under that hospitable roof. Not being too much endowed with this world's goods, Mr. MacDonald maintains a limited establishment, and the few attendants he has are taken in mostly out of charity—notably a pretty-looking Englishwoman, formerly a laundress, who was drawn into an illegal marriage by a Frenchman and then deserted by him. Besides her, there are two little boys, waifs and strays, whose mission is to make themselves generally useful in the house, and who look extremely contented with their present lot. Mr. MacDonald's own sons and daughters—who are numerous enough to prevent his ever feeling ashamed when he meets his enemies in the gate—take a prominent part in the work of the house; and their labors cannot be light, as in addition to this rather heterogeneous multitude they receive lady boarders for the winter months. One is rather surprised, on arriving at the house on these Wednesday afternoons, to be received in the hall by two young men, who stand motionless at the foot of the staircase and silently wave the arrivals upstairs. On the first landing the same dumb pantomime is gone through by the two little boys above mentioned. The two young men, it is discovered later on, are two of the sons of the house; for by and by they appear in the drawing-room, and make themselves useful in handing round the coffee, etc., with which Mr. MacDonald provides his audience before they leave.

On entering the handsome drawing-room, where, perhaps, some thirty or forty guests are already assembled, Mrs. MacDonald and her daughters, attired in costumes whose somewhat startling combination of tints is supposed to be the perfection of high art, are busily occupied in greeting their guests, and in arranging tea and coffee on a distant table. One has ample time, before the arrival of the principal personages on the scene, to take a glance round the lofty room. The window-curtains, of dark-blue velvet, form a curious contrast to the olive-green walls; the floor is carpeted chiefly by rugs of various sizes and shapes; here and there bright bits of color are skilfully introduced in the form of a Genoese veil carelessly thrown over the pianoforte, a yellow shawl hanging over the back of a chair, a few deep red and blue vases, half a dozen oranges scattered among the arrangement of crimson and violet anemones adorning the deep shelves of the high oak chimney-piece. Mr. MacDonald himself is attired in a black velvet coat, relieved by a crimson necktie; and very picturesque he looks, with his silvery hair and beard, and his remarkably fine head and benevolent features. Every effect of color is evidently the result of careful study. Mr. MacDonald's special chair is a shade of the darkest green, but its sombreness is lightened by a judicious touch of brighter drapery carelessly hanging on the arm. Mr. MacDonald proceeds to shake hands with those of his visitors with whom he is acquainted; then, after a few preliminary remarks, takes his seat near the fireplace, and begins to read out the selection of poetry he has chosen for that special afternoon. Sometimes it is one of Wordsworth's simple pieces, sometimes Cowper's poetry, or a few stanzas from Rogers or Burns. But whoever the author may be, his expressive voice and pleasant delivery never fail to make the reading interesting to his hearers, and few who have heard him once fail to present themselves a second time. Mr. MacDonald's tones in speaking retain much of his



native Scotch accent, and especially is this the case when he warms up with his subject. In particular on Sunday evenings, when, health permitting, he devotes an hour or so to a lecture on religious subjects, ending the meeting with hymns and extempore prayer, does this peculiar though not unpleasant intonation come out in full force, in proportion as his fervor and eloquence increase. His undoubted earnestness and the utter lack of affectation in his voice and manner cannot fail to impress his hearers deeply, and those who go at first solely from motives of curiosity leave the house pleased with the short and simple service.

Besides devoting himself in these ways for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, Mr. MacDonald finds time to labor assiduously with his pen, as is proved by the constant appearance of a fresh work bearing his name. Each one of his books bears the stamp of a simple thoughtful mind, which has made men's lives in the quieter walks of life its especial study, and every now and then the reader is struck by the vein of humor which pervades the page, and which is such a noticeable trait in his character. Mr. MacDonald is quite ready to discuss his literary labors with any one who is interested in the subject, and frankly says that he hardly finds book-writing a profitable employment. Without wishing to discourage youthful aspirants for fame, he fairly states that the path of literature is beset with thorns, and that he himself had many difficulties to contend with before he gained an entrance into the author's ranks. Even now his profits in that line are not as great as they ought to be, and he seldom has direct communication with his publishers, preferring to leave all such business transactions in the hands of an agent.

Mr. MacDonald has yet one more *role* in which he displays himself in public, besides those of lecturer and author, and this is as a histrionic artist. The whole family are in the habit of performing plays at Mentone and San Remo, these plays being adapted and arranged for the occasion by Mrs. MacDonald. The announcement that the MacDonald family have engaged the theatre for two or three nights is certain to attract large and interested audiences, although it seems to be a matter of some doubt if any member of the corps displays extraordinary talent as a votary of Thespis. Whether this is the case or not, Mr. MacDonald's numerous friends are always glad to do their best, by mustering in strong force on these occasions, to make his undertakings successful, either in the Riviera or in London, in the suburbs of which city he generally passes the summer months.

### "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion."

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

MR. IRELAND has collected a number of passages bearing more or less, sometimes rather less than more, on books and the love of books. These he has printed in a handy tiny volume, and again in a separate edition on large paper, with two or three illustrations. In this edition the type and paper are excellent, but the volume is a little bulky, needlessly bulky. Mr. Ireland has conscientiously reprinted far too much matter of no great merit by modern authors, and has thus made a book too fat for a modest Enchiridion. It is fair to say, however, that the common copies of the 'Enchiridion' are much more handy than the large-paper edition, and both contain many passages about bibliophilism which will be new even to omnivorous readers.

Mr. Ireland is apparently a lover of literature rather than, in the strict sense, a bibliophile. We imagine that he has little of the collector's passion, which was neatly illustrated not long ago. The newspapers have been reporting that Marie Colombier's disgraceful 'Sarah Barnum' is out of print and costs fifty francs. A 'Sarah Barnum' thus became a desirable book, and the collector went forth to hunt for it. 'Have you "Sarah Barnum"?' he asked the bookseller. 'Yes, sir.' 'How much?' 'Three shillings.' 'Oh, then I'll take something else,' replied the disappointed collector; 'I thought it cost fifty francs.' Mr. Ireland, as we guess, is not of this insane temper; no one who has read so many modern divines is likely to be thus fanatical. Again, we infer from his volume that he has none of the bibliophile's love of correctness and accuracy. No one can read Mr. Austin Dobson's notes on Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and their minutely conscientious references, without saying, 'That man is a bibliophile.' And no bibliophile can look at Mr. Ireland's rather happy-go-lucky quotations and mistake him for a person with the bibliographical instinct. For example, in his very first page Mr. Ireland quotes Socrates's advice, 'Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings,' and so forth, without a hint as to where the text is to be found. Is it in Xenophon, or Plato, or where? Mr. Ireland says that he has

'in the case of almost every author gone to the original sources for his matter, selecting direct from the works of the writers quoted, so that the correctness of the text may be relied on.'

Unluckily Mr. Ireland has not made this his invariable rule. He quotes Plato only once, and again gives no vestige of a hint as to the *provenance* of the passage, 'Books are the immortal sons deifying their authors.' We confess that we do not remember where Plato says this; and what every student will wish to do is to examine the context. No reference, except to the 'Curiosities of Literature,' is given for the inscription on the Alexandrian Library. St. Matthew is represented by 'A good man, out of the good treasure,' and by 'By thy words thou shalt be justified'—passages which have no peculiar application to books and the love of books. 'Ménagiana' is quoted by volume merely, without indication of date, of edition, or page. No bibliophile quotes thus laxly, especially when he is writing a book about books. Quoting from a recent bibliographical work, Mr. Ireland prints, 'They' (bookhunters) 'and their simple pleasures are the *paths* of a cheap and shrewish set of critics,' and so on. Will Mr. Ireland think us cheap and shrewish critics for pointing out that this is nonsense? For 'paths' 'butts' occurs in the original. Again, who that undertakes to print a scholarly work on large paper but places accents on his Greek? Mr. Ireland neglects even this simple obvious duty, and prints *abûvatos*—*abavatos*. Once more, when Mr. Ireland quotes anecdotes of Petrarch, he does not go to the original, but to 'the Introduction to Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature.'

All this may seem very peddling, pettifogging criticism. But part of the duty of bookmen is to set an example of accuracy and thoroughness to a hasty and casual world. This is part of the difference between literature and journalism. We actually hear people defending slovenly and ignorant mistranslations of the classical languages on the score that the mistakes are on trivial matters, and that it is 'pedantic' to be correct. But why should people undertake to instruct the world at all if they cannot be accurate; and, if they are inaccurate in small things which we do understand, how can we trust them in larger matters beyond our province? Mr. Ireland's little laxities can do no one any harm; but he would have conferred a much greater benefit on bookish men if he had displayed more of the correctness which is the very first quality of the scholar. On this point he himself quotes Scaliger, giving, as usual, the reference to 'Scaligerana' without a hint of the edition or page. 'I wish,' says Scaliger, as quoted by Mr. Ireland, 'I wish I were a skilful grammarian. No one can understand any author without a thorough knowledge of grammar. Those who pretend to undervalue learned grammarians are arrant blockheads without any exception.' What Scaliger says here about accuracy in grammar is equally true about minute carefulness in all matters concerning books. Mr. Ireland's 'Enchiridion' has already shown that it possesses popular qualities. It is now in its third edition; in many ways it deserves to see many more editions. Will Mr. Ireland not make his next issue a work more than doubly valuable by invariably printing full and useful references, with date, place, and page, such references as are loved by men who love books? In yet another way he might improve his 'Enchiridion.' He might omit many of his very minor and very modern prophets of bibliophilism. He might get rid of A. Bronson Alcott, and James Crossley, and Dr. Arnott, and Fanny Fern, and Hain Friswell, and the Rev. R. H. Baynes, and William Freeland, and Edwin Whipple. These and not a few other authorities he might excise, and quote instead some of the famous modern French book-lovers—men like Nodier, and Sainte-Beuve, and Jules Janin, who are preferable even to Frances Ridley Havergal. Very few French bibliophiles are quoted by Mr. Ireland, though he gives us Montaigne's delightful description of his library, and a truly appropriate passage from M. Victor Hugo. Now that a few men of books are demanding a 'general overturn' of society, and are demanding it in the interests of art, it is well to remember that the Commune burned, among other things of greater value, all Motteley's uncut Elzevirs. M. Hugo, therefore, addresses one of the People who has distinguished himself by setting fire to the library. We do not think that the People has any particular hostility to books. But some of the wealthier classes like books just as some of them like hunting. Mr. Davitt, therefore, denounces hunting, and, for equally good reasons, the Commune burned books. M. Hugo exclaims, 'Mais c'est un crime inouï!' and he goes on to preach at immense length about the crime, though the proletariat has probably sneaked away to the nearest wine-shop. The poet points out that books are 'hostile to masters,' which is an inference of his own—an inference which the representative of the People might

have refuted had he studied books in place of burning them. What in the world does the People care for the great names the poet quotes—for Job and Molière, Homer and Kant, or for Baccaria rhyming so neatly to *paria*? So the bard hurries on, till the incendiary, who has come back from the wine-shop, closes his rotund mouth with 'Je ne sais pas lire.' Thus the proletariat has an excuse not possessed by Messrs. Hyndman and Morris and the owners of the advertising van which announces the New Revolution at the price of sixpence monthly.

Among the best things in Mr. Ireland's collection is Goethe's discourse on French fiction. Much of it might have been written with equal truth to-day, though the authors on whom Goethe commented have long been outdone in their own department:

'In the whirlpool of the literature of the day, I have been dragged into the bottomless abyss of horrors of the recent French romance-literature. I will say in one word—it is a literature of despair. In order to produce a momentary effect, the very contrary of all that should be held up to man for his safety or his comfort is brought before the reader, who at last knows not whither to fly or how to save himself. To push the hideous, the revolting, the cruel, the base, in short, the whole brood of the vile and abandoned, to impossibility, is their Satanic task. One may, and must, say *task*; for there is at the bottom a profound study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances, remarkable and intricate plots, and incredible facts; so that it is impossible to call such a work either empty or bad. And this task even men of remarkable talents have undertaken; clever, eminent men, men of middle-age, who feel themselves damned henceforward to occupy themselves with these abominations. . . . Everything true—everything æsthetic—is gradually and necessarily excluded from this literature.'—*Goethe's Correspondence with Zelter*.

Now we have no longer the redeeming 'study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances.' The nearest and nastiest slum, the freshest and foulest police report, furnish matter for the romance, not of despair, but of naturalism.

Mr. Ireland's old English writers are among the very best, most sensible, and least read of his authorities. If he had done nothing more than collect their remarks, his book would have possessed (as it does possess, despite its defects and superfluities) much interest and value. Here, for example, is good advice from Joseph Hall to the literary man and the bookworm:

'Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures and enforces me both to respite and repast; I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome: these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal.'

Wisely, too, does Joseph Hall urge the disadvantages of late study, or rather of study pursued up to the moment of retiring to rest. 'That student shall live miserably which like a camel lies down under his burden.' Here, again, from Fletcher's play 'The Elder Brother,' is a fine description of your bookworm:

'If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,  
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ  
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar  
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,  
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal  
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)  
Devour'd in a month in Paris.'

*The Elder Brother, Act i., Scene 2.*

Finally, from 'Chevraana' (quoted, alas! as vaguely as ever) comes this humorous account of hard-reading and hard-smoking Boxhorne:

'A gentleman told me, who had studied under Boxhorne, at Leyden (successor to Heinsius, as professor of politics and history in 1653), that this learned professor was equally indefatigable in reading and smoking. To render these two favorite amusements compatible with each other, he pierced a hole through the broad brim of his hat, through which his pipe was conveyed, when he had lighted it. In this manner he read and smoked at the same time. When the bowl of the pipe was empty, he filled it, and repassed it through the same hole; and so kept both his hands at leisure for other employments. At other times he was never without a pipe in his mouth.'—*Chevraana*.

Mr. Ireland's 'Enchiridion' is already a pleasant treasury of book-lore, yet not without moths and rust. Let him expel his moths, especially the American varieties; let him rub away the dust of indolent and inexact reference, and the 'Enchiridion' will deserve even more popularity than it has already obtained.

## Current Criticism.

**WHAT FANNY KEMBLE LACKS** :—After her marriage with Mr. Pierce Butler she might, agreeably to her wishes, have cultivated her garden and literary talents at the same time during the years she passed at Butler Place. But to judge from her own confession and from the result of her work, she did not devote herself to literature more systematically or persistently than she had done to acting. Macready on one occasion is reported to have said of her that she lacked the rudiments of her art; and she herself, never by any means sparing of self-criticism, admits that her performances were always uneven in themselves and perfectly unequal with each other—never complete as a whole, however striking in parts, and never, at the same time, level two nights together, depending for their effect upon the state of her nerves and spirits, instead of being the result of deliberate thought and consideration—study, in short, carefully and conscientiously applied to her work. This verdict which she passes on herself in the character of actress seems to apply with equal, or probably with greater, propriety to her literary efforts.—*The Athenæum*.

**THE PROPOSED LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON** :—Any visitor to Washington may examine these designs for himself, or may look at the new part of the Georgetown College for an example of what their author can produce. It would be, we repeat, nothing less than a public misfortune should the erection of the great new library be a sister work.—*The Century*.

**J. H. GREEN AND THE VENERABLE BEDE** :—We have no hesitation in saying that the opening chapter of this volume, which, as Mrs. Green tells us, was the last piece of work he did, is in insight, sympathy, and comprehensive grasp of the subject, not surpassed by any other passage in his writings. The picture of England under Egbert, the appreciation of the influence of Christianity on society and law, of the habits and feelings which hindered the growth of justice, of the social and political results of England's consolidation into the three kingdoms, may take its place along with the well-known picture of the England of Elizabeth. One of the most vivid episodes in the 'Making of England' is the story of the death of Bede. If we did not know that Mr. Green had already told the story in similar words elsewhere, we might almost suppose that in penning it he was thinking of his own approaching end, so like it was in the most essential respects. But Bede lived to finish the work on which he was engaged; Mr. Green was forced to leave his work unfinished.—*The Athenæum*.

**COLERIDGE AND THE OPIUM HABIT** :—Coleridge's health was never at any time robust; and to the frailties ordinarily incident to the student life he added a liability to prolonged periods of mental depression. To alleviate this depression he took opium; and no doubt it sometimes happened that, when haunted by the fiend that too frequently possessed him, he broke his lecturing engagements. The defalcations were, however, never so numerous as is commonly supposed, and we have small reason to believe that they were ever the result of indolent neglect. Occasionally they were due to causes not less than tragic. Health was a serious thing to a lecturer who depended for his effects largely on the inspiration of the moment. It is never so serious a factor where a lecture is a written essay, and the lecturer a reader of that essay. Coleridge knew that, to him, health, while he was on the platform, was a very vital matter, and he took all proper care to preserve it. During the delivery of one course of lectures he had a servant to follow him about the streets with the express mission of preventing his buying opium.—*T. Hall Caine in The Academy*.

**CRITICISM OF LITERARY LADIES** :—Like most literary men, Macaulay was never less critical than when dealing with literary ladies. Opportunities to do so were few, and were as welcome as a holiday. To him, as to most men of the age, it was a surprise that women should write so well; and he expressed his surprise, not in Johnsonian style, to the effect that the marvel lay not in their writing so well, but in their writing at all, but with the charming extravagance of a school-girl. From the choral tribute of contemporary hyperbole it is well to turn to Byron's judgment of these works, expressed with his usual searching insight: 'They excite no feeling, and they leave no love—except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the impression of intellect and prudence is profound, and may be useful.'—*J. Arthur Blaikie in The Academy*.

**AN ACTOR'S ENVIRONMENT** :—It is beginning to be suspected, in fact, that the actor, and not society, is the principal victim of the profession. He is the sufferer from insincere conditions, if there is any. He must labor at night, when other people



enjoy themselves; and his labor is especially exhausting to the nervous energy, so that he must sleep through the sunniest hours of the day. He is cut off seriously from social intercourse, even in the period of his fame; and until his fame is acquired he has no chance to go into the world. The chief interests of mankind—business and politics—have but little part in his life. The movements of social reform pass him by. He dwells habitually in a world of his own, a world apart from his fellow creatures. He belongs to a caste. His notions of behavior are suggested by his environment. His ideas of virtue are apt to be characterized by the peculiarities of a remote and fanciful ideal. The moral persuasions of a distinct order are visibly impressed on his mind. Both his virtues and his vices are incident to a calling that shuts him up in a species of isolation from his kind. His temptations are his own; his victories, too, are his own. Other men have stronger supports, and deserve sterner judgments for errors. In my own experience, both the men and the women merit more honor than is meted out to them.—*O. B. Frothingham in the Atlantic.*

MR. GALTON'S LATEST BOMB:—Mr. Francis Galton is a most interesting writer and a curious inquirer, but it is difficult to praise his latest invention. He has thrown into British families an apple of discord in the shape of £500 to be given as prizes for 'family records.' He is unconsciously encouraging the practice as a fine art of morbid 'introspection' and of hypochondria, which is already far too fashionable. 'The less you think about yourself and your symptoms the better' is advice most of us have received, and it is very good advice, too, for the individual. 'The more you think about your symptoms, and your father's symptoms, and your uncle's liver, and your grandmother's gout, the better,' is practically what Mr. Galton tells society. This course of reflection may be good for science. The world may wax more and more scientific if we do as Mr. Galton tells us, but the individual will certainly wither and will indubitably become the curse of his family circle.—*The Saturday Review.*

### The Lounger

NEW ENGLAND, I am told, will have none of Matthew Arnold. His lecture on Emerson has utterly destroyed him in the sight of the good people of that quarter of the globe. They absolutely refuse to buy his works, notwithstanding the new and cheap form in which they have appeared. Fortunately, the rest of the country does not take the Emerson lecture so to heart, and the new edition of Mr. Arnold's prose and poetry has been nearly all disposed of—in the Middle and Western States.

IN HIS PAPER on Mr. Arnold in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, Mr. Henry James speaks of that gentleman's admirable 'tact.' Now, if there is one quality that Mr. Arnold does not possess, that quality is tact. His best friends acknowledge this deficiency, and deplore it. Only the other night one of them was speaking to me on this very subject. 'No,' said he, 'Matt. has no tact, and never had. You need only read his answer to an article on education, written anonymously by Mr. Oscar Browning, to see that. He alluded to the anonymous author by name, and personally chastised him in print in a manner that was anything but diplomatic. No; he never had the slightest tact.'

THAT LIVELY LITTLE SHEET, the *Wilmington Every Evening*, has a free-and-easy manner in its editorial paragraphs that must be quite shocking to the dignified Delawareans. For example, while complimenting the recent consolidation of THE CRITIC with GOOD LITERATURE, it speaks of its 'double-barrelled title'; and again, in writing of Joaquin Miller's novelette, 'The Wonderful City,' now running as a serial in the *Chicago Current*, it describes it as 'one of the brightest and most readable stories now on tap.' This is expressive, certainly. I have often wished some of the magazine serials were 'on tap,'—that they might be turned off before they would stop running of their own accord.

MR. BOKER, it seems, is not satisfied with the amount of money he has made out of 'Francesca da Rimini.' Mr. Barrett has only paid him \$20 for each night and \$10 for each afternoon performance, and he wants more, and is going to have it. It seems to me that \$150 a week is very good pay, where one takes no risk. What risk there was, and it was great, was assumed by Mr. Barrett. It is he who bears the enormous expense of producing the play, and Mr. Boker's tragedy might still be gathering the dust on his library shelf if Mr. Barrett had not taken it down and given it life and human interest. I fancy there are

few poets who have made as much out of any one of their poems. Mr. Boker must not expect to make such an arrangement with Mr. Barrett as Mark Twain made with Mr. Raymond. That was exceptional. 'Francesca da Rimini' will probably never earn half as much as 'The Gilded Age.' Poetry is one thing, popularity another, and they seldom go hand in hand.

SINCE the appearance of 'The Bread Winners' in *The Century*, the editor tells me he has been besieged on all sides by authors of anonymous novels, seeking publication. The besiegers seem to think that anonymity is the secret of success.

### Notes

*The Youth's Companion* for February 14 will contain the first and second of the series of poems written for it by the Earl of Lytton—one called 'Childhood' and the other 'Maidenhood.'

'Early Spanish Masters,' by Emelyn W. Washburn, author of 'Early English Literature,' is announced by Messrs. Putnam, who also have in press 'The Book of Beginnings,' a 'familiar study of Genesis in the light of modern criticism, with some general suggestions to readers and students of the Old Testament,' by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

Mr. W. L. Fraser's account of 'An Engraver on Wheels'—Mr. Elbridge Kingsley—in the February *St. Nicholas* will be read with interest by grown-up people as well as children.

Every one who has read 'Sandford and Merton' (and who has not?) will be pleased to find an account of its author, the eccentric Thomas Day, in the January *Bibliographer* (Bouton). In the same number the bibliophile will read with interest a description of the Haigh Hall Library. In *The Antiquary* (Bouton) the American reader will be diverted by a letter recounting the story of 'A Visit to America in 1774.'

Mr. Austin Dobson has assisted Mr. Andrew Lang in making a selection of his poems for American readers, and has written a well-turned verse bespeaking a kindly reception for his friend's book, which will bear the title of 'Ballades and Verses Vain.'

The announcement of a new volume of essays by Donald G. Mitchell is a pleasant one. 'Bound Together—A Sheaf of Papers,' is its name.

On Messrs. Scribner's list are a new and revised edition of the complete works of Dean Stanley, to be printed from new plates and published at a popular price; 'Creation; or, The Biblical Cosmogony in the Light of Modern Science,' by Professor Arnold Guyot; and 'The Question of Ships,' a monograph on the development of American commerce, by Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley, U.S.N.

John E. Potter & Co. announce 'Fenno's Favorites, No. 1, One Hundred Choice Pieces for Reading and Speaking.' The collection is prefaced by an exposition of the Theory of Elocution and the Principles of Gesture.

The first number of *The Book-Buyer*, new issue, is just ready. It presents a neat and tasteful appearance, and is filled with literary news and notes. The old friends of this periodical will be glad to welcome it again, and hosts of new friends will be won over by the infinite-riches-in-a-little-room plan upon which it is conducted.

The one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the birth of Tom Paine was celebrated in Philadelphia on Sunday by the Friendship Liberal League.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst contributes a 'Tribute to George W. Lane,' late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, to the February *Magazine of American History*.

R. Worthington has printed cheap editions of Bulwer Lytton's and William Black's novels.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, editor of the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery 'Notes,' is giving 'conversations' on art in this city.

Dr. Charles Waldstein's lecture on 'The Lesson of Greek Art' at Chickering Hall last week was well attended and listened to with intelligent interest. Dr. Waldstein sailed for England on Tuesday last, after a few weeks' visit to his family in New York.

Mrs. James J. Mapes, widow of the eminent Prof. Mapes and mother of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, was buried from All Souls' Church, on Sunday last. Mrs. Mapes was an accomplished and delightful lady, and retained up to her last illness the brightness and vivacity that marked her younger days.

Messrs. Prang & Co. evidently do not think that Valentine's Day is one which we no longer celebrate. They have made for the loving swains of 1884 a valentine that is at once unique and handsome. It is a reproduction in colors, on satin, of Mr. F. S. Church's popular picture, 'The Lion in Love,' which was in last year's Academy exhibition. One can hardly fancy that this elaborate and artistic piece of work with its silver seahorse, Mr. Church's monogram, and poetic ribbons, is used for the same purpose as the stamped tinsel paper and highly-colored cupids that held the market not so very long ago. 'The Lion in Love' is put up in a box which answers for a frame, or it may be made to stand on a table in my lady's boudoir.

A complete edition of the poems of the late Sidney Lanier is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in the spring. The volume will be edited by Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of *The Independent*, who will also furnish an introduction.

The library of the late Henry C. Murphy of Brooklyn, which has already been noticed in these columns, will be sold at auction at Clinton Hall on March 3 and following days.

'The Creators of the Age of Steel,' by William T. Jeans, with memoirs of Siemens, Bessemer, Whitworth and Brown, is announced by Scribner & Welford.

The fourth annual report of the Trustees of the New York Free Circulating Library, just issued, is filled with suggestive figures. In 1883 the circulation of books was 81,233 among 11,501 readers; of these the surprisingly small number of six were lost or destroyed. The record for the year 1882 showed a circulation of 71,840, among 9200 readers. The number of volumes on the shelves has increased from 7206 to 8846 volumes. For the past twelve months also the library and reading-room have been kept open on Sundays with satisfactory results.

Mr. Crawford's 'To Leeward' has already reached a sale of ten thousand copies.

The original manuscript of Anthony Trollope's novel, 'Orley Farm,' is in the possession of Scribner & Welford. It is composed of about twelve hundred closely written letter-sized pages; both sides of the paper are covered. The hand is a free and running one, and there are few corrections or underscorings. For this manuscript the author received a little more than \$15,000 from Messrs. Chapman & Hall, of London, to whom it was sold,—about \$12.50 per manuscript page of some two hundred and fifty words.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler's 'Peter the Great' will be published in two large volumes during the spring by Charles Scribner's Sons. In preparing the work for publication in book-form, says *The Book-Buyer*, Mr. Schuyler has largely rewritten and re-arranged his narrative, incorporating the latest and most authentic information which has come to light. The illustrations will number more than two hundred, of which eighty will be full-page. An elaborate map of Europe in Peter the Great's time, prepared especially for the book, will be given.

Among the American contributors to Volume XVII. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now in press, will be Mr. E. L. Godkin, of *The Evening Post*; Mr. John Austin Stephens and Professor J. S. Newberry, of New York; Professors C. H. Hitchcock and J. K. Lord, of Dartmouth College; General George B. McClellan and Mr. George W. Cable. A valuable article on 'Philology' is to come from Professor W. D. Whitney, Yale College. The series of American maps especially compiled for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will be increased in the new volume to twenty-eight.

The author of 'The Breadwinners' will publish a reply to his critics in the next number of *The Century*. He does not throw out any hope of a disclosure of his name, and seems to think that he is wise in keeping his secret.

Russia has just been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of her first printer, Ivan Fedorof, who died at Lvof on the 17th of December, 1583.

A second edition of 'Voice, Song, and Speech,' by Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke, is already announced, the first having been sold out within a month of publication.

'The history of a line of poetry is sometimes curious,' says *The Pall Mall Gazette*. 'Apropos of the recent parody of a poem by Tennyson which appeared in this paper, a correspondent informs us that in American editions "The grand old gardener and his wife" figure as "The gardener Adam and his wife," and he seems to imagine that some American publisher or pirate took upon himself the responsibility of making the change in order to assist the comprehension of the American reader.'

Edmond About's friends worked hard to get him elected to *The Academy*. We are told that 'Sardou came from Nice, and was almost too late through a railway accident.' Renan 'got up out of bed,' and even Victor Hugo appeared. About was 'foolish enough to connect his house telephonically with the abode of the Immortals, so as to receive bulletins.' He is now described as 'prosperous, happily married, and much mellowed in temper.'

Vernon Lee is writing the *Life of the Countess of Albany* for the *Eminent Women Series*.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish 'Occident and Orient,' a new volume of sermons by the Rev. Joseph Cook.

'Hans Breitmann' (Chas. G. Leland) has prepared a new and complete edition of his ballads for T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Mr. Clark Russell has published a volume of 'Sailors' Language'—a glossary to his own novels.

Prof. E. Dowden has compiled an addendum to Dr. Bucke's *Walt Whitman*, which will include the testimonies, among others, of George Eliot, Ruskin, Tennyson, Swinburne, Prof. Clifford, Archbishop Trench, R. H. Horne, J. A. Symonds, and W. M. Rossetti.

'As some misleading paragraphs on the subject have got into the papers,' says *The Athenæum*, 'it may be as well to say that the long expected biography of the late F. D. Maurice is not exactly a life and letters. No single letter is given except for the purpose of adding something to the story of the life, either as to facts or as to the development of thought and character. Col. Maurice's object has been to present his father as he was; but believing that this is best done by allowing his conduct, as shown in the action he took and the decisions at which he arrived, to speak for itself, he has tried, without rejecting other sources of information, to give as nearly as possible an autobiography.' The book will be published here by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is said that 'Mrs. Lorimer: a Study in Black and White,' published last year by Macmillan & Co., was written by Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of Charles Kingsley.

The *Cleveland Herald* announces the publication, in serial form, from advance sheets, of a novel by Miss Braddon. 'Ish-mael' is the title—a favorite one with a certain class of novelists.

Boston is to have a new weekly journal, *The Beacon*, edited by Mr. Howard M. Ticknor. It will come under the general head of 'literary' papers, though it will be devoted to general literature and correspondence, and will print a sermon, beginning with Phillips Brooks's, in each number. A satirical cartoon will also be a feature of *The Beacon*. The paper is owned by a stock-company of which Mr. Cyrus A. Page, late of the Boston Museum, is the treasurer and business manager. The first number will be ready on the 16th inst.

Mr. Higginson's paper on early American Presidents, in the *March Harper's*, will be illustrated by two fine page-portraits—one of John Adams, the other of Thos. Jefferson, both engraved by G. Kruell from portraits by Gilbert Stuart in the possession of T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq., of Boston.

Messrs. Harper have in press 'The Hessians in the Revolution,' by Edward J. Lowell, and 'Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,' by Paul Barron Watson.

The innumerable readers of Will Carleton's poems will be glad to see what their author looks like, and they will have an opportunity in the *March Harper's*. Mr. Carleton has a typical American face, with the chin-whiskers of Brother Jonathan. His eyes are blue, and their expression mild and intelligent.

Ex-Governor Cornell's *Life of his father, Ezra Cornell*, the founder of the University that bears his name, will be published in a limited edition by A. S. Barnes & Co. Messrs. Barnes have become the publishers of Jenkins's 'Handy Dictionary' and 'Vest-Pocket Dictionary,' formerly issued in Philadelphia.

Charlotte M. Yonge has edited for Ginn, Heath & Co.'s series of *Classics for Children* Sir Walter's 'Quentin Durward,' prefixing to it an historical introduction.

Miss Fletcher, author of 'Kismet,' 'Mirage' and 'The Head of Medusa' is said to have put her best powers into the writing of her new novel, 'Vestigia,' which Messrs. Roberts Bros. announce. The title is taken from the proverb 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum'—'No steps backward.'

'The copy of a new story—a thrilling and powerful tale—involving the pregnant question of Mormonism' is now in the hands of Messrs. Rand, Avery & Co., who will issue a large subscription edition of it in the spring. In the opinion of the publishers, 'this remarkable book will serve a purpose not un-



like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (of which, by the way, 400,000 copies were issued in this country, every one of which bore our imprint). 'It will,' they think, 'hasten the day for the uprising of an indignant nation, and their verdict will be as in the case of slavery—this disgrace must cease—the Mormon must go!' Is this 'America Shamed,' a novel by the wife of a well-known ex-Senator, mentioned some time ago in these columns?

Roberts Bros. will soon issue Robert Louis Stevenson's new book, 'Treasure Island.' It is described as dealing with a mysterious island, a buried treasure, the bold buccaneer, and all the stirring incidents of a merry life on the Spanish main. Primarily it is a book for boys, with a boy hero and a string of wonderful adventures. But it is a book for boys which will be delightful to all grown men who have the sentiment of treasure-hunting.

'A Latter Day Saint'—the first volume in Holt's American Novel Series—is a story of life in Philadelphia, Narragansett and Newport. Yet one newspaper proclaims it an account of a conversion to the Mormon religion, and another has solicited an advertisement of it on the ground that the journal has a good circulation in Utah!

The February number of *The English Illustrated* will contain, among other papers, an account of 'An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall,' by the author of 'John Halifax,' 'The Character of Dogs,' by R. L. Stevenson; 'Julia,' by Walter Besant; and 'The Campagna,' by Augusta Webster. The frontispiece is to be 'The Loving Cup,' engraved from a painting by D. G. Rossetti.

The last word in Mr. Maurice Thompson's essay on 'Sketching for Literary Purposes,' in our issue of January 26, should have been 'imagination'—not 'injunction,' as the compositor saw fit to make it.

Prof. J. A. Harrison is putting the finishing touches to an essay on 'Negro English'—the first attempt, we believe, to consider the subject-matter systematically and from a philological point of view. The article will contain phonetics, grammatical forms, syntax, and specimens from four dialects. It has been bespoken by the German periodical, *Anglia*, of Leipzig.

Delagrave, of Paris, is the publisher of M. Darmesteter's 'Essais de Littérature Anglaise,' reviewed in the last number of THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE.

Messrs. W. D. Howells, John Hay, John Bach McMaster, Clarence Cook, H. C. Bunner, George Parsons Lathrop, Frank D. Millet, W. Mackay Laffan and R. U. Johnson were elected as members of the Authors' Club during the past year.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. announce as in preparation for publication in May, 1884, Dr. Mombert's edition of 'Tyndale's Pentateuch' of 1530, now for the first time reprinted in separate form, collated with the edition of 1534, in the Baptist College, Bristol, England, with 'Matthew's Bible' of 1537, the 'Biblia' of Stephanus of 1528, and Luther's 'Pentateuch' of 1523. This edition is further enriched by the Marginal Notes of Luther and John Rogers, as a contemporary commentary, and Prolegomena by Dr. Mombert. The English copy at Bristol excepted, the Lenox Library has furnished the whole of the rare apparatus used in the production of this work, the first of the kind published in America, and designed to make Tyndale accessible to Bible readers, to fix the text of the first English translation of the Hebrew Pentateuch, to establish its relation to the Latin and German versions, and to enrich the Philology of the language by a copious vocabulary of English in the first third of the Sixteenth Century.

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 575.—Do you consider Hudson's new Harvard Shakspeare a desirable edition, or as valuable as the Chiswick edition of 1826. 2. What series of text-books and what dictionary would you recommend one to use in the private study of French? 3. Can you give me the address of some firm of bookbinders who make a specialty of binding books in a high style of art?

Chester, Vt.

C. A.

[1. The Harvard Shakspeare is an excellent edition. We are not acquainted with the special merits of the Chiswick edition. 2. Otto's French Grammar and Reader. (Henry Holt & Co.) For a small lexicon, Masson's French-English and English-French Dictionary

(D. Appleton & Co.) is an exceedingly useful little book. Spier & Surenne's Dictionary (D. Appleton & Co.) is a good one. 3. The Bradstreet Co., 279 Broadway, N. Y.; Matthews, Fourteenth Street, opposite Irving Place, N. Y.; J. Beacham, 7 Barclay Street.]

No. 576.—1. Where and at what price can I get an English translation of 'Frithjof's Saga,' by Esaias Tegner? 2. Also, 'Ariel,' or a book with that name as a pseudonym, now, I think, out of print.

Whiterville, Fla.

J. H. B.

[1. From Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.]

No. 577.—What is the English title of the work by Henry George that is translated in German 'Fortschritt und Armuth'; did it appear in different editions, and what is the price of them? 2. Has there appeared already a part of the large English dictionary which is in preparation in England?

Vincennes, Ind.

O. F. K.

[1. 'Progress and Poverty.' Published in English by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. (cloth, \$1.) and in 'Lovell's Library' (paper, 20 cents). 2. Not yet published, but now in press. For an account of the work of preparing the dictionary referred to, see article from *Leisure Hour* in GOOD LITERATURE, No. 131.]

No. 578.—A distinguished ethnologist recently remarked that, while evidence beyond contradiction established the fact that this continent was densely inhabited by a people differing in customs and habits from the North American Indians, and who were evidently driven out by the Indians, yet language, which in the Eastern Hemisphere had been such a great help to the ethnologist in tracing the origin of races, rendered no assistance whatever in solving the problem on this continent. It would be a satisfaction to know if comparison by competent scholars had ever been made between the Arabic and the Dakotah family of languages, in which is included the Pawnee, Omaha, Ree, Kaw, Osage and several others. I am led to make this inquiry from having found in Palgrave's, Buckhardt's and other travellers' works, describing their journeys in Arabia, many pure Indian words belonging to the before-named family of languages, like *wa-ha-bee*, *min-nā*, etc. *Wa-ha-bee* is the Omaha word for corn in the ear (*wa-ton-zee* is shelled corn) and *min-nā* is one form of the Dakotah word for water. I noticed several other pure Indian words in the above works—that is, if they are spelled phonetically.

BANCROFT, NEB., Jan. 9, 1884.

T. H. TIBBLES.

No. 579.—In a paragraph quoted from *Harper's Weekly* some time ago there was reference to a poem said to be by Tennyson, in which is the line 'Flower in thy (?) crannied wall.' What is the title of the poem, and where can it be found? Quotation books give no aid, nor does a hasty look through Tennyson's works discover it.

Jacksonville, Ill.

J. H. W.

No. 580.—Can any correspondent give information about a word pronounced, I think, 'pēen' and used by mechanics to indicate the part of a hammer opposite the head? What is its spelling, pronunciation, and derivation?

New York City.

B. D. J.

No. 581.—I should like to get any numbers of 'Illustrations of Political Economy,' except XX. London, Chas. Fox, 1830-1840. I have several books to offer in exchange, or will buy. I also wish the Autobiography of Harriet Martineau, author of the above series.

BOX 2851, DENVER, COL.

W. E. PRICE.

No. 582.—Will you kindly insert for me an inquiry for a copy of 'Reynard the Fox,' from the German of Goethe, translated by Thomas J. Arnold and illustrated by Van Kaulbach?

P. O. BOX 280, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROBERT BEALL.

No. 583.—Will some one please inform me where I can find the hymn closing with the following lines:

'Life is a torrid day,  
Parched with the wind and sun.  
And death the cool calm night  
When the torrid day is done.'

It is said to have been the favorite hymn of the late Dr. Chapin.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

G. H. F.

No. 584.—Can any one give me the address of Pres. David J. Hill, formerly of Lewisburg University?

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

J. H. W.

No. 585.—I have lately seen a note describing the origin of the word 'charlatan' as from 'char,' a small cart or wagon, and Latan, the name of a French quack, one of the first to sell his specifics from such a vehicle. Is the derivation founded on fact?

PEORIA, ILL.

M. G. G.

[Fanciful. Skeat gives the derivation as from the Italian 'ciarlatino,' a mountebank, and ultimately from 'ciarla,' a tittle-tattle, a prattling.]

No. 586.—Can you give me the title and publishers of any work of moderate dimensions and cost which contains a clear account of the present social, political and commercial condition of India?

ADAMS, MASS. W. P. B.  
[There have been printed in the Standard Library (Funk & Wagnalls: New York) two interesting books relating to India—Hæckel's 'India and Ceylon' (also published in a more complete translation by S. E. Cassino & Co., of Boston, cloth, \$2.50) and 'A Winter in India,' by Rt. Hon. W. E. Baxter (15 cents). A more extensive work, answering closely to your description, is 'The Indian Empire: Its History, People, and Products,' by W. W. Hunter. (London: Trübner & Co., 16 shillings.) Valuable statistical information may be found in 'The Statesman's Year Book,' which should be in every good library.]

No. 587.—Please tell me the meaning of the clover-leaf and blossom engraved on the back of the Red Line Edition of Shakespeare's works?

FLEMING, PA.

B. T. J.

No. 588.—Where and at what price can I obtain the poems of Hudibras?

ALBERT LEA, MINN.

C. O. B.

[We presume you mean the poem 'Hudibras' by Samuel Butler, a cheap copy of which may be found in the Chandos Classic Series, New York, R. Worthington, 80 cents. There are many other editions.]

No. 589.—Is there not a system of learning to read French by means of collateral passages and without grammar; also German? Is there no combined English, French and German dictionary? Could Greek be acquired without a teacher? Will some one sell me a copy of Torrey and Gray's 'Botany of North Carolina'?

KITTRELL, N. C.

B.

No. 590.—X has written a play. He declares he will have it printed and get the copyright before submitting it to a manager. Y says the play should be kept in manuscript, for if it be printed any one can act it despite the copyright. X thinks the copyright would make the play absolutely his property. Please decide the question for

X AND Y.

[If the words 'Printed but not Published' be printed on the title-page of the play, no one can use the play without the author's permission.]

No. 591.—1. Please inform me through Free Parliament where I can obtain photographs of literary celebrities. 2. Who was the author of 'Twenty Years Ago,' commencing 'I've wandered to the village, Tom'?

SALADO, TEXAS.

A. R. C.

[1. Of Fay, 704 Broadway, New York.]

No. 592.—Can any one inform me as to the correct wording and origin of the following idea? 'There are people living on the other side of the mountains also?'

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.

C. F. SAUNDERS.

## HENRY HOLT & CO.

Have ready in the new

### AMERICAN NOVEL SERIES

## A LATTER-DAY SAINT,

Being the Story of the Conversion of Ethel Jones, Related by Herself. 16mo, \$1.

IN THE

### "AMERICAN WORTHY" SERIES,

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies." 16mo, \$1.25.

## EUROPE EDUCATIONAL EXCURSIONS.

1884 Combining unequalled advantages. Send for Descriptive Circular, Free. Register early. E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston.



SHORTHAND WRITING thoroughly taught by mail, or personally. Good situations procured ALL pupils when competent. Calculators, Stenographers furnished without charge for my services. Send for free circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

### Now Ready:

The new book bearing on the Franco-Chinese-Tonquin question.

#### The Story of Chinese Gordon.

By A. EGMONT HAKE, author of "Paris Originals," etc. Illustrated with portraits and maps. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth extra, \$4.50.

This book gives a clearer insight into the inner life of the Chinese than any book previously published. Mr. Gordon's position as friend and counsellor of the Chinese has given him peculiar opportunities to that effect, and at this time it has a greater interest, owing to the Tonquin question, which is now disturbing the peace of two nations.

#### UNIQUE EDITION.

#### Bancroft's History of the United States.

"Unique Edition" (with the steel portraits of the 10-volume Library Edition). In 6 volumes, cloth, gilt top, white label (only 219 sets so made), \$13.50.

#### A Compact History of England.

From the Time of the Ancient Britons to 1880, with a Synopsis of England in the Nineteenth Century, its Government, Institutions. By ARCHIBALD H. McCALMAN. With introduction, etc., by R. H. Stoddard. Illustrations. 8vo, cloth extra, \$2.50.

R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, N. Y.

A authors wanting to publish any class of B  
diverters to make known their special B  
bookbuyers requiring not generally known B  
booksellers the address of publishers of rare B  
correspondents information about any line of B  
C D E  
D ansvassers Lists of Subscription Publishers of  
E alers having surplus stock of old or new  
very kind, character, class and condition of  
very author, subject, title, price or publisher of  
Address HOWARD CHALLEN,  
744 Broadway, New York.

No. 593.—Who publishes 'Don't,' and what is its price?

LEVERING, O.

C. C. HILL.

[D. Appleton & Co., Bond Street, New York. 25 cents.]

No. 594.—I have a copy of Luther's Hymns, printed by Christoph Saur, in 1757, in German. Is it a rare book?

HOMER, O.

G. W. BURNER.

No. 595.—I should be glad to learn the address of M. B. Branch, author of a poem, 'The Petrified Fern,' beginning:

In a valley, centuries ago,  
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,  
Veining delicate and fibres tender.

ALBANY, N. Y.

J. H. G.

### ANSWERS.

No. 568.—Question 2. The author of 'A Modest Wit' was Mr. Selleck Osborne, once a resident of this town. He published a volume of poems in 1820 containing the above piece. He was the editor of *The Sentinel and Witness*, published at Litchfield, Conn., and wrote numerous pieces which had considerable popularity in their day. Some of them are still to be found in school readers, always marked 'Anon.' however.

DANBURY, CONN.

A. C. HUBBARD.

No. 568.—Question 2. The lines, 'A supercilious nabob,' etc., are usually printed in collections under the title 'A Retort,' and always attributed to that multifarious author, 'Anon.' Question 3. The lines 'Tell me, ye winged winds,' are from a poem entitled 'The Inquiry,' by the well-known English poet, Charles Mackay.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.

M. A. L.

No. 568.—Question 3. Will T. A. K., East New York, L. I., be so kind as to send me a copy of the poem, beginning: 'Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar?' Address J. J. H., Nanticoke, Penn.

**PROFESSIONAL AND LITERARY MEN**—Authors, Artists, Clergymen, Editors, Clerks, Lawyers, Physicians, Teachers, etc.—fancy that they are safe from accident because their avocations are not hazardous, but great numbers of them are maimed and killed every year by casualties occurring out of office hours, and from which the most cautious are not exempt. **THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY**, of Hartford, Conn., will guarantee such persons \$1000 insurance, and \$5 weekly indemnity while disabled, for only \$5 a year.

Those who suffer from sleeplessness, nervous prostration, debility, worry or excessive mental toil, can be almost immediately relieved by taking the special nerve-food **VITALIZED PHOSPHITES**. It aids wonderfully in the bodily and mental growth of children. For years it has been used by all the best physicians for the cure of nervous and mental disorders. By druggists or mail, \$1. Formula on every label.

F. CROSBY CO., 666 6th Avenue, New York.

**IMPORTANT.**—When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot. Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY  
O. O. HOWARD, Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army.

### "The Hartford Life and Annuity Ins. Co."

is, in my judgment, the best of several companies with which I have had to do. The best in security, the best in economical management. Convinced of this, several years ago I made an exchange to this Company, and have since held a policy for \$500. This year I have increased my amount with the Company to \$10,000.

GENERAL AND LOCAL AGENTS WANTED to work the Safety Fund System, the most attractive plan of life insurance ever devised. It furnishes the greatest security at a very low cost. Agents can secure more new business in this improved system than upon any other plan. Persons desiring membership or agency, address H. P. Duclos, Sup't of Agencies, Hartford Life and Annuity Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn.

### Magazines and Reviews!

Several thousand different kinds of periodicals kept on hand and for sale at low rates. A specialty made of supplying Back Numbers, Volumes, and Sets. The largest assortment of its kind in the world. Subscriptions taken upon the most favorable terms for any periodical, either American or foreign.

Address: The American and Foreign Magazine Depot, 47 DEY STREET, NEW YORK.

### CATALOGUE NUMBER 17, BEING ODDS AND ENDS

FROM

THE LITERARY JUNK-SHOP OF  
A. S. CLARK, 34 Park Row, New York,  
Ready in a few days and mailed to any address.